

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 12.

THE CROCODILE OF THE GANGES.

THE Ganges is the most celebrated of Asiatic rivers. It is in Hindostan, and is the largest river in that country. Its waters used to be regarded as sacred by many or most of the inhabitants, and perhaps they are still considered so by some of them. But a great change is taking place in the ideas of the people there, and numbers of them are breaking the bands of superstition which once bound them; and that class among the inhabitants of Hindostan are not very likely to respect the water of the Ganges more than that of any other river.

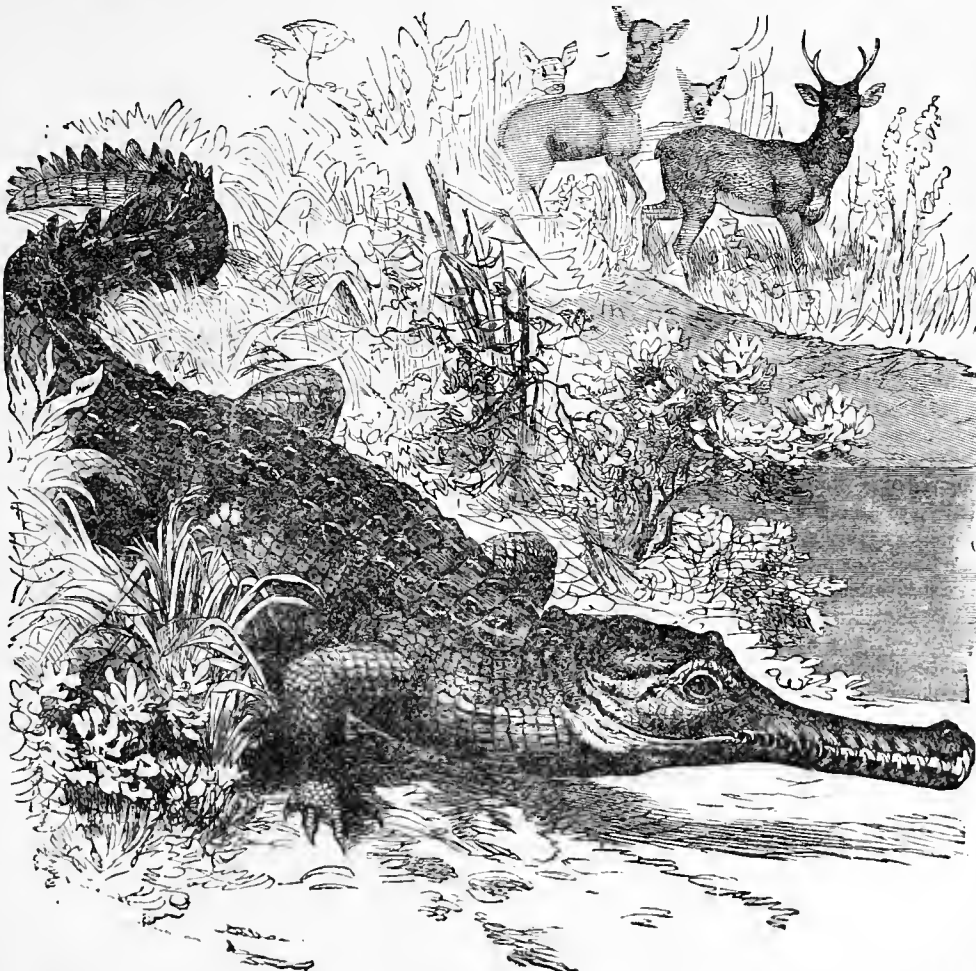
The river Ganges, however, is not the subject which we wish to write about now, but the Crocodile of the Ganges. We have got a picture of the reptile here. Did you ever see, or can you think of, anything more repulsive? Look at his scaly back, his short but powerful arms and his long, slender muzzle—the distinguishing peculiarity of the crocodile of the Ganges—and the rows of sharp teeth with which it is furnished. Only fancy yourself bathing in the waters of the famous East Indian river, and one of these horrid and ferocious creatures making his appearance! What

a terrifying position it would be, and it is one in which bathers have been placed many a time, for crocodiles are very numerous in the Ganges, and bathers, and even persons standing on the banks of the river, have often been devoured by them.

The crocodile is found in the swamps of nearly all tropical

or equatorial countries. It is quite common in the most southerly portions of the United States, but there it is called alligator. In India it is called gavin, and in Egypt and other parts crocodile. There are some slight differences in the anatomy of reptiles of this class found in various parts of the world, but the general appearance of all is much alike; and in character there is no difference. They are all fierce, and all amphibious, and all are included under one family name, and that name crocodile. The crocodile of the Ganges is said to be larger than any

other, sometimes being seventeen feet long. Wherever found they are regarded with great fear by the natives, and no wonder, for they are so strong and ferocious that they are a match for several men. Yet ugly and destructive as they are, would you believe it, they have actually been, at different times



and by different people, the object of worship and adoration? This was especially the case with the ancient Egyptians. They used to keep them in their religious temples, and the priests would feed them and adorn them with gold and jewels; and when one of them died, his body was embalmed and buried with honor; and now, in some museums in this country and Europe, may be seen the mummies of these reptiles, embalmed and buried thousands of years ago, which have been found in and removed from the catacombs or burial places of ancient Egypt.

But if the accounts of travelers and historians are to be relied on, it is in Hindostan where have been seen the most dreadful effects of superstition in respect to crocodiles. Some time ago we told you something about the custom of murdering their infant children, once so common among the natives of Hindostan. One of the most popular methods of baby murder there was by flinging them into the Ganges. This was done as a sacrifice to their goddess Gunga. Before throwing the babe into the river the mother prayed to the goddess to send a crocodile to devour the child, and if one appeared it was thrown with eagerness to it. If, after the child had been cast into the water, the mother departed without seeing one of these monsters appear, she thought her offering had not been as acceptable to the goddess as she desired. It is scarcely possible to believe that such cruelty as this could ever have been practiced by mothers, yet it has been recorded by so many authorities that there seems to be little room to doubt. But owing to the labors of the missionaries of the various Christian churches in Hindostan, and to the efforts and edicts of the British government, this and other cruel practices, the result of the superstitious religions and practices of the natives, have ceased; and now, it is said, that all the regard the natives there show for crocodiles is to kill them whenever they have an opportunity to do so.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

IN all countries where the press is free, as it is in the United States, it is a most powerful agent in the formation of public opinion; and those who were in the Church and were well acquainted with its history in early days know that a good deal of the popular prejudice against the Saints was owing, almost wholly, to the false reports published in the newspapers of the country, very many of which, besides printing lying statements about our people, also, in their editorials, denounced them in the bitterest terms, and attempted to justify their persecutors. A few, however, took a decided stand in opposition to the lawless proceedings by which the Saints suffered so much, and while they cared nothing for "Mormonism" itself, they spoke in strong terms against the outrages perpetrated upon the "Mormons," and condemned the authorities, especially those of Illinois, for aiding or permitting them. The course of journals of this class had the effect, in a few months, of causing a partial re-action in public sentiment in favor of the Saints. The following editorial, which appeared in the *New York Sun*, shortly after the expulsion from Nauvoo, was one of the most favorable published:

"Considerable interest and sympathy begin to prevail in favor of the 'Mormons.' For a long time their peculiar religious tenets, the strange origin of their faith, the singular personages selected for their prophets and temporal guides, and the books published against them, produced in public opinion a most unfavorable impression. They were represented to be utterly unmoved in their habits and dishonorable in their practices, and it is a remarkable circumstance that the 'Mormons' themselves never opposed to these charges any serious

remonstrance. When a lawless mob broke into prison and murdered Joe Smith their leader and his brother Hyrum, the act shocked the community for a while, but it was soon forgotten. A number of persons in the State of Illinois subsequently organized themselves into bands under the name Anti-Mormons, to drive them out of the State, and compel them to abandon their farms, their homes, and the costly temple which they had erected. For this purpose the Anti-Mormons armed themselves, obtained cannon and munitions of war, and marched into Nauvoo for the purpose of attacking and driving the people out of the city. The position of the 'Mormons' attracted the attention of the citizens of other States, but as the State of Illinois itself did nothing for their protection, on the contrary rather permitted the outrages to be perpetrated upon them, it was believed that their characters were so bad and their morals so impure as to justify the determination to drive them to seek some other place of residence. The 'Mormons' defended themselves and their homes as well as they could, but being overpowered by numbers, having the State against them, having public opinion to contend against, and no aid and no protection, they said 'We will go;' and they did go, into the wilderness, leaving a few friends to take care of their property, their farms, and their temple—to sell all at a sacrifice. Men, women, and children, some on foot, some in wagons, carrying with them the remains of their household furniture, left their homes and took to the wilderness. Part entered the army bound to California, and another body went west of the Mississippi. Thus some 12,000 or 15,000 persons, from a state of comfort and prosperity, were driven from their homes to lie down on the banks of sickly rivers, or to encounter the more savage Indians on the vast prairies of the West. It now appears from the testimony of persons worthy of credit—from those who are intimate with the 'Mormons,' and have closely observed their habits and pursuits, that great injustice has been done to the character of those unfortunate people, so treated, so wronged, and so abandoned by a sovereign State which was bound to protect them. The late Captain Allen of the U. S. Dragoons, who had a body of 500 under his command, not only represented them as spirited and patriotic, good and faithful, but describes them as 'wonderfully pure and unexceptionable in their moral conduct; frugal, industrious, and self-denying; manifesting patient heroism in the endurance of suffering, worthy the noblest Christian character.' And a correspondent of the *United States Gazette*, of character and veracity, who has travelled and lived among them, declares that the 'virtues of the family, chastity, affection, and the spirit of united effort for the advancement of family happiness, form absolute characteristics of this outcast people, together with temperance, frugality, industry, energy, and constancy of purpose.' If this be so, words are inadequate to portray the gross injustice and cruelty practised towards them in the State of Illinois. Some excuse can be found for the religious and personal outrages of the Goths and Vandals, or for the cruelties and persecutions of the darker ages; but in these enlightened times, in a country of laws and free institutions, where the largest liberty is secured to every citizen—that a community of 12,000 or 15,000 people, without having been charged with any legal delinquency, should be driven by force of arms from their homes and property as outcasts, and that the strong arm of the State should not be held forth for their protection, is a stain on our annals and on our country at large, which we apprehend will take years to wash out. We have no parallel to it in the history of our country. But the tale does not end here. *Riot, drunkenness, and crime, signalized the victory of the Anti-Mormons!* A reckless body of men seized upon the 'Mormon' property, took possession of their farms, desecrated their temple, and the poor, the sick, the aged, and the infant, were driven half-famished into the woods, and the safeguards of domestic and social life were thus outraged and broken down.

"If recent statements respecting their condition and character be true, the State of Illinois is bound in honor and in law to restore them to their homes and property, and the Legislature, for the sake of justice and humanity—for the character of the State and the institutions of the country, should direct the governor to issue a proclamation inviting the 'Mormons' to return to their homes, and offering to guarantee their safety against every attempt to injure or molest them. They are now, by the injustice of the State, dying in the wilderness of sickness and starvation—a prey to savage Indians and beasts of prey. Many are lying on the bare earth opposite to Nauvoo, while *brigands* have possession of their property. Let Illinois move in the good work, before public opinion everywhere unite in demanding for the 'Mormons' indemnity for the past and security for the future."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF WILD ANIMALS, ETC.

(Continued from page 67.)

WE present you, this week, some extracts from the writings of another celebrated lion killer—a Frenchman named Girard, once a private soldier in the French army in Algiers—the country in which all his adventures and risks, while lion hunting and killing, occurred. We give first, the following interesting facts—the experience of this writer—about the habits and voice of the king of the beasts:

"When a lion and lioness are together, the female always roars first and at the moment when the couple is leaving its lair. The roar is composed of a dozen distinct sounds which are commenced by low sighing, and then go on crescendo and finish as they began, leaving an interval of a few seconds between each sound; the lion then alternates with the lioness.

"They roar in that manner every quarter of an hour up to the moment when they approach the encampment that they are about to attack, when they both keep silence; but after they have taken and eaten their food they recommence their melancholy music and continue it until morning.

"A solitary lion generally roars as he rises from his slumber at the commencement of the night, and will often continue his thundering challenges without cessation until he reaches the encampments. During the great heats of Summer the lion roars but little, and sometimes not at all; but as the season of his amours advances he makes up for the time lost in silence.

"The Arabs, whose language is rich in comparisons, have but one word for the roaring of the lion, and that is *rud*—thunder.

"Among other foolish questions I have had asked me is, 'Why does the lion roar?' I would say that the roaring of the lion is to him what to the bird is his musical song, and if the questioner does not believe the fact, if he will go to the forests and pass several years in his company, he may, perchance, find a better explanation.

"The length of the life of the lion is from thirty to forty years. He kills or consumes, year by year, horses, mules, horned cattle, camels and sheep to the value of twelve hundred dollars, and taking the average of his life, which is thirty-five years, each lion costs the Arab forty-two thousand dollars."

Mr. Girard says that he spent six hundred nights watching for lions, and he became so famous among the Arabs, as a lion killer, that whenever any of the districts in which they lived became troubled by these much dreaded animals, they would send for him to rid them of the same.

In his book he tells the following story, related to him by the Arabs, who vouched for its truth, which is a terrible

illustration of leonine ferocity. The city referred to is the city of Constantine, in Algiers:

"Two brothers, condemned to death, were confined in the city prison, awaiting their execution on the morrow. They were bandits of great renown for strength and courage; the Bey, fearing that they might escape by their address and hardihood, gave orders that they should be ironed with entraves, that is, an iron ring which is bound around the right leg of one prisoner, with the left leg of another, in such a manner that the two legs are fastened close together, and then the iron band is welded.

"This was done, and yet on the morrow, the executioner, on visiting their cell, found it empty, and no one knew how they had escaped. The two brothers, as soon as they were free from the prison inclosure, made unavailing efforts to cut or pry off their cumbersome ornament; but finding it impossible, fled across the country, avoiding as much as possible the frequented paths.

"When daylight came they hid themselves in the rocks, and only resumed their flight with the evening, being lighted on their way by the faint rays of a crescent moon, and the bright hope of freedom. Thus they had already traveled a long distance, when, in the middle of the second night, they suddenly came upon a lion.

"The two robbers commenced by throwing stones at him, and calling out as loud as they were able, in order to make him flee, but the animal crouched down before them and did not move.

"Seeing that the stones and menaces were of no avail, the frightened men commenced their prayers; but before they were finished the lion sprang upon them, and throwing them to the ground, devoured the elder while still chained to the body of his younger brother.

"The living man, as he heard the lessening of his relative's moans, and the crunching of the lion at his hideous meal, had no trouble in counterfeiting death, but swooned where he fell.

"When the animal had eaten the body down to the shackle, finding a substance he could not masticate, he bit off the leg of the brother he was eating below the knee, leaving the lower part of the limb still confined to the iron link. Then, either from thirst or from being satisfied with what he had eaten, he left the living man, and walked down to a brook, a little distance off.

"The poor fellow, once alone, sprang to his feet, and dragging with him the mangled limb, crept into a crevice of a rock that he was fortunate enough to discover.

"A few moments after, the insatiate beast arrived on his track, roaring with anger, and passed around and above the hole in which he had sought refuge; but being unable to reach his prey, he left for the woods with the first dawning of day.

"The trembling fugitive, a second time saved, crawled out of his hiding-place to renew his flight, when he was captured by some of the horsemen of the Bey, who had been following his traces, who, putting him on the crupper of the saddle, carried him back to Constantine, where he was again thrown into prison.

"The Bey, astonished at the tale his soldiers brought back to him, ordered the man into his presence to certify to the truth of the story, and the culprit was led out, still dragging after him the leg of his brother. Ahmed Bey was so moved by the strange spectacle and wild narrative, that, although bearing the reputation of a cruel ruler, he ordered the entrave broken, and the prisoner to be set at liberty."

(To be continued.)

WE may consent to common custom, but not to common folly.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



DECORATION Day was observed throughout the country a few days since, and as it is likely to become a national holiday in the United States we are going to tell our readers something about it in particular, and national holidays in general. We have no doubt that the young readers of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* are glad whenever a general holiday occurs, for on such days, besides being vacation from school and cessation of labor, there are generally lots of fun and enjoyment. Sunday is a general holy, or rest, day in all Christian nations; but a holiday is not necessarily a holy day, and it is of the former we write. And Sunday, although a general rest day, is not reckoned among the general national holidays.

Most of these holidays had a religious origin, and they are more numerous in Catholic than in Protestant countries. In Great Britain the day kept as the anniversary of the birth of the Savior is about the only general holiday of the character. Good Friday—the anniversary of the Crucifixion, and Easter Monday—the day after the one on which the Resurrection is commemorated, Whitmonday, the day following the anniversary of the Day of Pentecost, and may be two or three others are reckoned there as times when fun and rejoicing may be indulged in more than ordinarily, and in some parts of that country they are kept as holidays by those who feel disposed to observe them and can afford to have an extra day's rest.

In this country national holidays, that is holidays observed by the people of the whole country, are very few in number; hitherto there have only been two of them—the Fourth of July and New Year's Day. Christmas Day does not seem to be thought near so much of in this country as in Europe; and there, New Year's Day is not esteemed so highly as in this. But in the United States the great national holiday is the 4th of July, the anniversary of Independence Day—the day upon which, in the year 1776, the colonies composing the thirteen original States of the Union declared their independence and threw off the yoke imposed upon them by British rule. On that ever memorable day the most unbounded enthusiasm of the people of the whole country seems to be called forth, and almost every manifestation of joy and pleasure it is possible to think of is indulged in.

There seems to be a disposition now on the part of the government, and of the people generally throughout the country, to establish another national holiday, to be called Decoration Day. The origin and character of this holiday are gloomy. You know that, during the War of the Rebellion, many thousands of men were slain while fighting to preserve the Union. Well, each year, since the close of the war, the 30th day of May has been observed, by all the soldiers who took part in and survived the war, as a day on which, to show respect to the memory of their dead comrades, they have strewn flowers on their graves. The non-military portion of the people manifest a disposition to take part in the observance of this day, and there seems to be an inclination to include the graves of all soldiers who have died in any of the wars of the Union, and

their memories will be honored and their graves strewn with flowers the same as of those who were killed in the War of the Rebellion.

The 30th of May, this year, was observed as a general holiday in this city. The stores were closed and business was suspended. A number of citizens, with a band of music, went to the cemetery at Camp Douglas, and when there they were joined by the officers and soldiers of the camp. Speeches were made in honor of the dead defenders of the Union, and then the graves of all soldiers buried there were strewn with flowers. The day was kept in the same way in all parts of the country, the ceremonies at some places being of an imposing character; and as the enthusiasm for the observance of the day seems to increase each succeeding year, it is very likely that, in addition to New Year's and Independence Day, the people of the United States will henceforth include among their national holidays the 30th of May—Decoration Day.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AND THE PYRAMIDS.—If we regard, says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, not so much the evidence of the labor devoted to the work of the Temple as the effect produced on the mind by its apparent magnitude, we may suggest the following comparisons: The length of the eastern wall of the Sanctuary is rather more than double that of one side of the great Pyramid. Its height, from the foundation on the rock at the south, and near the northern angles, was nearly a third of that of the Egyptian structure. If to this great height of one hundred and fifty-two feet of solid wall be added the descent of one hundred and fourteen feet to the bed of the Kedron, and the further elevation of one hundred and sixty feet attained by the pinnacle of the Temple porch, we have a total height of four hundred and twenty-six feet, which is only fifty-nine feet less than that of the great Pyramid. The area of the face of the eastern wall is more than double that of one side of the pyramid. Thus the magnitude of the noble Sanctuary of Jerusalem far exceeded that of any other temple in the world. Two amphitheatres of the size of the Coliseum would have stood within its colossal girdle and left room to spare. The Coliseum is said to have seated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and accommodated twenty-two thousand more in its arena and passages. For such a number to have been crammed within its circle, the space for each person must have been limited to seventeen by twenty inches. Allowing two cubits each way, or four square cubits for each worshiper in the temple, the sanctuary would have contained thirty thousand; the Chel, excluding the Priests' Court, twenty thousand more, and there would yet have been room in the great court and the cloisters to make the total reach more than two hundred and ten thousand.

Another writer has the following on the Temple of Solomon:

The Jewish Temple in Jerusalem existed nearly one thousand years—as the first stood nearly four hundred, and the last about six hundred years. By its site, this temple was very much exposed to the severe thunderstorms whereby Palestine is so often visited. Nevertheless, we find neither in the Bible nor in Josephus that this building was ever struck by lightning. The reason thereof is very simple, for the wise King Solomon was not unacquainted with the laws of nature, and had made his arrangements purposely, so that the temple was provided with a lightning conductor, which was very near the same as the one invented by Franklin, which is in use by us now. The roof of the temple was covered with heavily gilt cedarwood, and was provided from end to end with steel bars, whereof the long points were also gilt. The walls were heavily gilt outside; and finally, in the court of the temple, cisterns were placed, wherein the water from the roof ran through metal pipes. We find here so many conductors for the electricity, that Lichtenberg was right in saying the constructors in our day are far from arranging an apparatus so useful for its purpose.

AN ARAB SCHOOL.

HOW would you like to learn to write as the little fellows in the picture are doing? They have neither pens, ink nor paper, seats nor desks, but kneeling on the floor, upon which some sand is sprinkled, with their fingers they have to copy the marks made by their teacher. To learn to write as you do, with pens, ink, paper and comfortable seats and desks is a very tedious process, and to become a good writer, requires daily practice for years. The labor of the operation, however, is not very heavy, that is, it does not tire you like chopping, digging or other hard work. To learn to write as these young Arabs are doing is not only very tedious and clumsy, but it must also be very tiring.

Perhaps you think the Arabians are very stupid to stick to such a poor way as this of teaching their children to write; and we think so too. But then Arabia, you know, is an eastern land, and all orientals, or natives of the lands of the far East, cling very obstinately to old habits. They do not seem as if they have the faculty to progress like the nations of the West;



and because of this they, in following their various occupations, use tools now very much like those used by their forefathers three or four thousand years ago. This is the case among the natives of all eastern climes except where Europeans or Americans have established themselves and have introduced their customs. Europeans and Americans have now been living and associating with the Chinese in their own land for a great many years, and although the Chinese are in very many respects a smart and intelligent people, they have steadily refused to allow railroads and telegraphs to be built in China, the government and people preferring to travel over their very extensive country in their clumsy boats on canals, or in ox teams and other very slow and old-fashioned ways on land, rather than benefit themselves by adopting the improvements of the "Western barbarians," as they call white people. We do not know whether there is yet either a railroad or telegraph in all China, we think not; but if there is, it has been built very lately.

Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the difference in the character of the people of the Eastern and Western nations than this peculiarity. The Western nations believe in going ahead and progressing—they never stand still. Onward and onward forever, is their motto; but the natives of Eastern lands to-day walk in the same grooves as those in which their fathers trod thousands of years ago. The people of Europe, or the very few of them who knew how to write ages ago, had to learn in some such clumsy way as some of the Arabians do to-day; but it is a long, long time since that was the case, they are too progressive and inventive for that, and for centuries now they have used pens or pencils, and paper or parchment.

Would you believe that the Arabians who learn to write in the barbarous and clumsy manner here represented, were a thousand years ago, a powerful and civilized nation, and that many poems and works on science were composed in their beautiful language? Then they were masters of a good deal of Asia and Africa, and of a portion of Europe, and to them the civilized nations of to-day are indebted for one important branch of mathematical science, for it is said that the Arabians gave algebra to the Europeans. But their glory has dwindled since then, and to-day most of them are little in advance of the Indians; they inhabit tents, and like the founder of their race—Ishmael, son of the patriarch Abraham, their hand is against every man and, when in the countries they live in, every man's hand is forced to be against them to protect himself from their attacks and robberies.

The Arabs of the present day are scattered over extensive districts in Asia and Africa, in some of which Christian missionaries are laboring, endeavoring to convert them from their wild and savage life and to extend amongst them a knowledge of the arts and customs of civilized people. They have opened a few schools for Arabic children, and there, at least, we may be sure that a better method of teaching writing is practiced than the one illustrated by our engraving.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

GASES.—NO. 2.

HYDROGEN is the lightest gas known, it is one of the constituents of illuminating gases, it may be in union with carbon (carburetted hydrogen), sulphur (sulphurated hydrogen), in combination with the vapors of volatile oils, and perhaps in a free state (hydrogen). Hydrogen being a constituent of water (moisture of coal) is easily accounted for; sulphur is a constituent of pyrites nearly always found in coal. The variety of coal or mineral that gas is made from and the treatment it undergoes in the retorts have much to do with the illuminating qualities of gas.

It is not the levity, or light weight, of gas, however, that altogether determines its illuminating power or that causes it to ascend in the gas pipes to the burners. A judicious admixture of various gases is made at the gasworks by devices that require great chemical and practical knowledge, and pressure is brought to bear upon the gas at the gasholder—a large cylinder that contains the gas as a reservoir at the works. Neither must we suppose that there is nothing else to do but to put the coal, or other material used for generating gas, into a retort and applying heat to drive off the gas; tar has to be separated, vapors have to be removed, the gas has to be cooled, or condensed and purified. The gas produced together with all the other products is the coal separated or broken up by the action of heat into a multitude of new bodies. Many of these are useless,

some are worse than useless; these have to be got rid of. No doubt many of the young readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have seen the mechanical contrivances resorted to for supplying our city with gas: iron pipes are laid down in the streets at a convenient depth so that connections may be made with them to supply the houses and the street lamps. Gas-fitting is an established branch of business among us; trade in oil lamps will be less lucrative. Locomotives, telegraphs, street railroads and gaslights are all new forms of industry that will be likely to make considerable changes.

The young student may learn something of the nature of gases and of the principle by which they are separated by generating some hydrogen and carbonic acid, which may be done in the same vessel without any danger of explosion. Hydrogen may be made by placing some zinc cuttings in a mixture of one part of sulphuric acid to four or five parts of water. The gas will be liberated more or less freely according to the purity of the zinc, when quite pure it will be evolved slowly. The energy of action may be lessened, if necessary, by adding more water. The gas may be collected in an ordinary water bath, which consists of a trough with a shelf in it so that the vessel to contain the gas, the receiver, can be filled with water and placed upon the shelf. By conducting the gas underneath the receiver it will ascend and displace the water, that is, it will press the water out and occupy its place. In making the hydrogen care must be taken to let the first gas that is generated pass away, so that the atmosphere of the bottle is entirely removed. This is very important, as hydrogen when mixed with atmospheric air is explosive. It is the hydrogen of the water with which the sulphuric acid is diluted that forms the gas; when zinc can not be obtained iron may be used with the diluted acid.

With hydrogen gas carbonic acid gas may be mixed by dissolving carbonate of lime (limestone or marble), one part of broken marble, and one part of hydrochloric acid diluted with three parts of water. The gas will rush off with great rapidity (effervescence). The same care should be taken to remove the air contained in the bottle, and in all similar experiments. This gas when passed into a receiver may be removed by lime water being passed beneath it, as the carbonic acid enters again into combination with the lime to form carbonate of lime, the presence of which is known by the milky appearance of the water beneath the receiver and the subsidence of the carbonate as a white powder.

BETH.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.)

A BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued.)

NEW Bedford, Mass., I found to be quite a neat and orderly little city, containing, I should judge, at that time, about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The streets, like those of Philadelphia, crossed at right angles; the majority of the houses neat and well built; of course, the whaling trade is the vitality of the community, directly and indirectly it is the nucleus around which clusters the business of the place. To me the principal attraction was the wharves and shipping. Here everything and everybody were in confusion and bustle. Ships loading, unloading, undergoing repairs, piles and piles of oil casks, bundles of harpoons, old and new whaleboats, anchors, chains, ropes, spars, sails, in fact everything pertaining to the whaleman's pursuit; coopers, ship-carpenters, riggers, truckmen and stevedores, loading and discharging vessels, rigging and bending sails, making spars and hammering on casks; all was life and business. There was some ten or twelve vessels undergoing repairs, some almost complete others but com-

menced; there seemed to be work for everybody. When I first became one of the number of men at our boarding house I wondered where they would find ships for them all, but when beholding the ships I questioned if they could find landsmen enough to man them, for I was then ignorant of all the arts and devices practiced by the "sharks" and shipping agents in different parts of the eastern States, along the great lakes and around our large cities. I remained in New Bedford nine days; time began to hang heavy and things to grow monotonous. No vessels being ready for crews when we arrived, Mr. H— did not press us to enroll as he knew we would likely change our minds in regard to our likes and dislikes of this or that ship a dozen times a week, so, to save trouble, when a ship was ready the crew was shipped and aboard, with outfits complete, before they had time to think or object.

Owners of vessels offered the two hundredth and two hundred and tenth lay, that is, each greenhorn shipping would receive one barrel of oil, or its value, for every two hundred and two hundred and ten taken by the vessel during the voyage. This we all thought rather poor wages, and a great many refused to ship on that account. As for myself it troubled me but little whether I got the two hundredth or three hundredth lay. All the vessels then fitting out were bound for the Arctic Ocean; as it was cold and ugly weather in those North seas the year through, it was not to my taste. I was looking out for a sperm whaler bound for the South Sea and Spanish main; it was there the bold Buccaneers performed their great exploits, and I was going to sea to satisfy my curiosity and desired to look at the places I had so often read of. So I determined to ship only on a Southern bound craft; of course I was green and had not the least idea of a whaleman's life, but judged it as my fancy pictured—a trip of pleasure. In time, as you will see, I found out that the pleasures of whaling were like a great deal of the romance of the Buccaneers—all moonshine.

We were hanging around the shipping office, killing time to the best of our ability, when Mr. H— stepped into the room and called for volunteers to go to Nantucket; he said there was two ships fitting out at that place for the South Pacific and they wanted a few more men to complete their crews. He told us that they would give a good lay. "Fine ships and first rate skippers, come, boys don't all speak at once," but the boys did not come forward. Nantucket had a bad name, or rather she had the name of sending out poor ships and regular old blow-hards to command them. Mr. H— talked for some time trying to get some of us to go, but it was no go with the boys. At last I stepped forward and offered myself, a half-witted fellow, who went by the name of Santa Anna, followed me. I tried to get Harry P— to go, but he flatly refused; so I gave him good-by, for Mr. H— hurried us off as soon as possible, thinking, no doubt, that we would change our minds if left to worry, and it was really near the time for the boat to start for Nantucket. I soon found myself aboard, for I had nothing in the shape of baggage and no leave-taking to do. We were consigned to the Nantucket agent, whom we found waiting on the boat with four boys from some other office. Those boys were afterwards my shipmates: "Hank," a printer, twenty year old; John R—, a blacksmith, nick-named "Smut," twenty years old; Jim M—, a runaway from Rochester, N. Y., seventeen, and "Man-of-war Bill," about the same age, also a runaway from the same place, with "Santa Anna" and myself. We had the famous General Tom Thumb and suite, including the miniature carriage and ponies, to complete the passenger list. The General was very sociable during the trip, seeming to be quite interested with the whaling business. In fact we had a pleasant afternoon together and it put me in better spirits than I thought possible a few hours before I left New Bedford.

We arrived at Nantucket about five o'clock, and our "agent" (who by the way was not quite as polite as my former

acquaintances in that line) conducted us to the "Temperance House," kept by John Long. I forget the name of the street, but as it was in no way considered a fashionable house and I would rather not recommend it, its whereabouts is of but little consequence.

At the "House" I found a great many boys and men, green-horns like myself, all going to ship or had shipped, in fact, one vessel's crew, the *Monticello's*, was ready and expected to leave that night. All hands were at supper when we arrived, but by the time we had washed and slicked up a little the table was re-spread and we received a polite invite to walk down and partake. Tom Thumb was all the rage and talk, I gave the landlady rather an elaborate description of the General from head to heel, rehearsing all his sayings and describing all his actions on board the boat. I recited his history as well as I could remember, which was not much, so I fell back on the nursery story of the "Noted Tom," of which I knew a great deal and so did our landlady, and she believed it too, though I did not. By the time supper was over my memory was exhausted and the lady had set me down in her books as a very nice young man.

From the dining room we retired into a sort of a shed, Mr. Long called a "sitting room," (you sat on the floor or in the doorway) and as we were new arrivals he delivered himself of a long lecture, the subject, morality, good behaviour and temperance, cautioning us to beware of the lewd women of the town, and above all things to drink no liquor; his house was a temperance house, and he did not allow the filthy stuff to be brought on the place; a drunken man he detested, and no drinking man should board one hour at his house; in fact, he gave us quite a good temperance lecture, and we left him, to walk around town for an hour or two. That night about twelve o'clock I heard a scuffling at the yard gate, and as the noise was unusual and the bugs bad, I walked down stairs to see what was the matter. Would you believe it? there was our temperance landlord as drunk as an owl, with two of the night police trying to get him in the house. So much for mine host, a regular old soak, wrapping himself in the cloak of temperance to hide his drunkenness; but he was no worse than the majority of the "sharks" into whose hands we had fallen from the time we left our homes until we left Nantucket. We were fleeced, skinned, imposed upon every hour of the day, and not one iota of reliance could be placed on their promises.

The island of Nantucket is situated thirty miles south-east of the State of Massachusetts. It is some fourteen miles long, east and west, and an average breadth of three and a half or four miles, north and south. The island is treeless, and the soil anything but fertile. The Indian tradition of the formation of this island is as original as it is singular. They say that many years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, the spirit of a great chief, in the shape of a burning ball, appeared to every Sachem and tribe in the land, commanding them to collect all the tobacco they could and bring it to Cape Cod, for the great Manitou (the Indian god) wished to have a good smoke. In due time his huge pipe was filled and lighted, and there, on the point of the Cape, gazing out over the ocean, sat the big chief, day after day, puffing away no doubt to his heart's content. The sun lost its lustre and the moon looked dim through the pale grey smoke, and the scent of the "kille-ka-nie" perfumed the land and sea for miles around. When the great spirit had finished his smoke, like a scientific smoker, as he was, he struck his pipe on the toe of his boot and emptied the ashes into the sea, and lo and behold, there they are to this day, as the island of Nantucket.

(To be continued.)

THE wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; the fool when he gains that of others.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BIBLE.

CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

(Continued.)

Subject—HISTORY OF JOSEPH

LESSON XXVII.

- Q.—What did Pharaoh do after he was told this?
A.—He sent for Joseph, and he was brought hastily out of the duogeon.
- Q.—What did Joseph do before going to Pharaoh?
A.—He shaved himself and changed his raiment.
- Q.—What was Joseph's reply when Pharaoh asked him if he could interpret his dream?
A.—It is not in me, God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.
- Q.—What interpretation did Joseph give of Pharaoh's dream?
A.—That there would be seven years of plenty and seven years of famine.
- Q.—What advice did Joseph give to Pharaoh?
A.—That he should "look out a man discreet and wise and set him over the land of Egypt."
- Q.—What was this wise and discreet man to do?
A.—To appoint officers and take up a fifth part of the land during the seven plenteous years, and to gather up all the food of those good years against the time of famine.
- Q.—Whom did Pharaoh select?
A.—Joseph.
- Q.—In doing so what did Pharaoh say unto his servants?
A.—"Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?"
- Q.—What did Pharaoh give to Joseph?
A.—He took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck and made him ride in the second chariot which he had.
- Q.—What did Pharaoh say to Joseph?
A.—"I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt."
- Q.—Whom did Pharaoh give to Joseph for a wife?
A.—Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On.

LESSON XXVIII.

- Q.—How old was Joseph when he stood before Pharaoh?
A.—Thirty years old.
- Q.—How many sons were born unto Joseph?
A.—Two.
- Q.—What was the name of the firstborn?
A.—Manasseh.
- Q.—What was the name of the second?
A.—Ephraim.
- Q.—Did the seven years of plenty come according to Pharaoh's dream?
A.—Yes; Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea.
- Q.—When the seven years of famine came, was it confined to Egypt?
A.—No; it was over all the face of the earth.
- Q.—What did Pharaoh say when the people cried unto him for bread?
A.—"Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do."
- Q.—What did Joseph do?
A.—He opened all the storehouses and sold corn to the Egyptians and people of all countries.
- Q.—When Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt what did he do?
A.—He told his sons to go thither and buy corn, that they might not die.
- Q.—How many of Joseph's brethren went down to Egypt?
A.—Ten.
- Q.—Who was left behind?
A.—Benjamin.
- Q.—Why was he not sent?
A.—Because Jacob was afraid lest mischief should befall him.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

MUNICH, BAVARIA, April 25th, 1873.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

I wrote you a description of one of the schools we visited in Paris. In that letter I promised to write you again, when I had seen one of the German Kindergarten schools; and now I have taken up my pen to fulfill that promise.

Mr. Geltrich, the gentlemanly brother of Sister Paul A. Schettler, who is here on a visit to her relatives, and now with us, obtained a card of admission from the Department, and President Smith and party, yesterday, visited one of the many Universities in this city. The one referred to is a normal school, expressly for educating ladies for teachers, with the Kindergarten school attached. We are informed that the city of Munich is divided into Districts, like the Wards in Salt Lake City, and that each District contains one of these Kindergartens, and some of them are very large. I counted upwards of thirty in the one we visited—boys and girls, from three to six years of age.

They were not apprized of our visit, and when the porter opened the door for us to enter the children were singing and marching, two and two, hand in hand—the matron, an amiable-looking lady, walking before them. As soon as we entered they halted in silence, till we had positions assigned; and then, the lady going in front, a little rosy-cheeked, laughing boy followed as file leader, and the rest, two and two, hand in hand, resumed their march, stepping as true to time as a well disciplined body of soldiers, and occasionally changing time, by the matron's dictation, without the least disorder. In the course of the march, on intimation of the matron, they united their sweet infantile voices in harmonious singing, in their own language, which we did not understand.

When the marching exercise ended, they all repaired to their seats, and each was presented with his and her labelled portfolio, which the matron took out from a drawer which constituted a portion of a side-board, the upper part of which was of glass, exhibiting specimens of the children's work in almost endless variety. The portfolios were neat and simple, made of blue pasteboard, each containing little specimens of industry, the unfinished piece of work, on which they severally were soon busied.

Some were weaving paper of different colors, some perforating white pasteboard in various delicate patterns, one little boy was intently at work, perforating a lamp shade, of which the design was beautiful, and, so far as completed, very accurately executed. Some were working with wool, others with silk; and what must be a great stimulus to these children, is, their work is not useless—they are all, even the least of them, working for a purpose. Whatever their piece of work, when it is completed, it is converted into something of real value, either for use, or for ornament. The lady informed us that many articles, made by these tiny artists and manufacturers, had been sent to Vienna for exhibition.

Our time was limited, and we did not hear their exercises in reading and spelling; but were shown their tiny, miniature gardening implements, consisting of hoes, spades, shovels, rakes, wheelbarrows etc. The day being stormy, the children were all in, but we were told that in fine weather they are much out in their little garden, adjoining the schoolroom.

After six years of age, these children are removed into other and higher departments, and, as in France, the boys and girls are educated separately.

We noticed a striking difference between these, and the little ones we saw at school in Paris, as it regards healthfulness of appearance. These are robust and ruddy, with none of the sallow complexion and delicate, thin features of the Parisians.

These children are under immediate tuition five hours of the day, three in forenoon and two afternoon; but they are all day in care of the matron, who relieves the mother of all responsibility of charge, and she can go out to work during the day, if circumstances require her to do so, without any encumbrance or anxiety. Not only the poor, but many wealthy parents avail themselves of having their little ones kindly cared for and trained by these skillful matrons. The rosy-cheeked boy, who led in the march we witnessed, is son of the proprietor of this great hotel, in which I am writing.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

Selected Poetry.

THE BLESSINGS OF TO-DAY.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds are flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets,
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that Summer skies and sunshine,
Never seem one half so far,
As when Winter's snowy pinions,
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence,
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty,
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory,
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort,
In the blessings of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

BABY'S RIGHTS.

Her platform is only the cradle—
Her speeches are funny and few—
A wise little head,
But all that is said
Is only a vague little "goo!"

But how baby's rights are respected!
One nod of her dear, downy head
Whenever she thinks she's neglected,
And down to her feet we are led.

She lifts up her voice in a minute—
Her protests are loud and are long!
Each household affair—she is in it,
To see there is nothing goes wrong.

The right to twist limbs that are dimpled
In every extravagant way;
To maul and to tease
The cat at her ease—
To crow and to creep all the day.

The right to love that is purest—
The right to a mother's own love!
The right to a guide that is surest
To lead her wee footsteps above.

Her sweet little mouth she upraises,
As sweet as a rose, dew impregnated!
The right to our kisses and praises—
O! these are her rights all over the world.

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